PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE
# CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. FIVE CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 3, 1926 TEN CENTS

## MARGARET ANGLIN HERE AUGUST 17

THE APPEARANCE of Margaret Anglin in Carmel at the Theatre of the Golden Bough the nights of August 17 and 18 has virtually been assured. She will appear here in the title role of "Caroline" Somerset Maugham's famous play. It is possible that Blanche Bates, now playing with Miss Anglin in repertoire at the Columbia theater in San Francisco, will also come to Carmel and take the small part in 'Caroline" she has on occasion assumed merely in order to aid in the production.

At the Columbia Miss Bates starred in "The Texas Nightingale" and she and Miss Anglin have played "The Riddle Woman".

The company leaves San Francisco on August 16 and will play one night at San Mateo before coming to Carmel. From here Miss Anglin and Miss Bates go to Santa Barbara and then to the Hollywood Bowl where Miss Anglin will play "Electra". It is possible that the company will play six nights in San Diego before completing the coast tour.

## FENTON P. FOSTER NOW CITY TRUSTEE

FENTON P. FOSTER is now a member of the board of trustees of Carmel. He was appointed by the board Monday night when the resignation of Trustee A. K. Miller was received. Miller has been unable to serve on the board because of ill health and he asked to withdraw for this reason. In the recent election Foster failed by ten votes of election. He is secretary of the Building and Loan Association, with headquarters at Monterey, but is especially active in music circles of the peninsula. He is director of the orchestra of the Arts and Crafts theater and producer of "King Dodo" which will be given at the Forest Theater in Carmel on August 13 and 14.

### MORE THAN 1400 ATTEND ANNUAL BOHEMIAN CLUB JINX

Ira Remsen and A. Clay Otto returned yesterday from attendance at the annual high and low jinx of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco at the Bohemian Grove in Sonoma county. The high jinx this year was written by George Sterling, with the music by Domenico Brescia. It was directed by W. H. Smith and the costumes and setting were in the hands of Junius Cravens.

Rem edited the Grove newspaper during the two weeks' frivolities. The Swedish crown prince was the special guest of honor.

More than 1400 were at the grove this year, breaking all previous records by 200.

### GENE BYRNES AT PEBBLE BEACH

Gene Byrnes, a former resident of Carmel and famous for his comic strip entitled "Reglar Fellers", is spending a week at Pebble Beach Lodge.

## THOMAS BEER HERE

THOMAS BEER, author of the recently published and widely praised book on the Eighteen-nineties, is staying at Carmel Highlands. Miss Alice Beer, his sister, and head of the costume department of the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, is visiting Miss Ellen O'Sullivan in her home on Santa Lucia in Carmel.

## MARGARET ANGLIN

# "KING DODO"

ESCORTED BY A CAST of 75 and an orchestra of 20, Fenton P. Foster will lead a Carmel visitor onto the stage of the Forest Theater in the form of King Dodo on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week. Foster promises that the reception accorded the sojourning royalty will be spon-

taneous and commanded by the fascination of the appearance of the genial gentleman who desires to cast off his years and be a boy again.

John Pavilla, who has the role of the queer old king, needs no special advance notices in Carmel. He has proved several times his ability as a comic opera star. This year Fenton Foster has selected an exceptionally fine cast to assist the principal and there is every reason to believe that "King Dodo" will prove a most spectacular and appropriate closing production for the seventeenth summer festival of the Forest Theater.

Foster had unusual success with "The Mikado" last year and has announced his belief that "King Dodo" will surpass it in popularity.

## RED CROSS CONFERENCES AT LONG BEACH AND BERKELEY

Invitations have been received by the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross to attend the regional conferences to be held at Long Beach on August 16 and 17 and at Berkeley in the Claremont hotel on August 19 and 20.

## "HAY FEVER" TO BE PRODUCED AT STANFORD THIS SATURDAY

The Dramatic Council of Stanford University announces that "Hay Fever" by Noel Coward will be produced at the university Saturday of this week under the direction of Gordon Davis. This is the second production of the summer season at Stanford.

## THE FOUR BEST SELLERS

The four best sellers of spring fiction are announced to be the following: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", "The Private Life of Helen of Troy", "Silver Stallion" and "Hangman's House". It is interesting to note that "Silver Stallion" is James Branch Cabell's sixteenth book and the first to be numbered among the best sellers.

## TO MY DOG

You take no thought for other's good
In all your daily dealings;
I ask you, as a mother would,
Where are your finer feelings?
I think I've seldom run across
A life so far from lawful.
Your manners are a total loss,
Your morals something awful.
Perhaps you'll ask, as many do,
What I endure your thrall for?
'Twas ever thus—it's such as you
That women always fall for.

—DOROTHY PARKER

## Adventures in Eating Out

Number 9

IF THE PANGS of hunger happen to strike you when you are on Dolores street drop into the Studio restaurant, for lunch or dinner, according to the time of day. Though it's a perfectly good name, we think that the atmosphere you find inside is, in point of fact, better described by some such term as "Home" or "Family" restaurant. We are thinking of Mrs. Edler's motherly smile, of the good cooking and of the various Carmel families who look so contentedly at home there! You see them again and again, grouped around tables in the comfortable alcoves. Those little alcoves are our own particular joy, for they favor conversation with meals, and the light makes reading possible if that is your mood at the moment.

The art of serving food piping hot is one of the attractions of the Studio restaurant, and it is not something to be taken lightly for granted. (Having eaten in every variety of restaurant, from one-arm lunches to finger-bowl-hotel-diningrooms—in Boston, New York and Philadelphia—we feel that we are qualified to speak!). Meals at the Studio always start with good hot soup to put your digestive tract into its best frame of mind, and the gravy and vegetables—the test of home cooking, it seems to us—are deliciously cooked.

A quiet, restful, cheerful place to eat—and on certain pleasant days, there are little brown potato cakes on our plates, a fact which fills us with glee!

**LOST—Thursday, July 29, in Carmel, near Beach, Sketch book marked "Sketchez" Reward if returned to Cymbal office**

**LOST—A ladies leather pouch bag containing a $20 bill and small change. Either in Manzanita Theater or on Ocean or Camino Real avenues Sunday. Reward. Box 553 or The Wild Cottage at 12th and Camino Real.**

Mrs. R. D. Gradwohl of St. Louis is spending the rest of the summer with Adeline Rotti at the Sandpiper cottage.

**Peninsula Typewriter Exchange**
**Dealers in Office Equipment**
423 Alvarado Street, Monterey Telephone 1090

Cost plus Five Per Cent

*I aim to build as well and as economically as it can be done, and I hit the mark so often that I have hosts of satisfied customers. May I not include you?*

**PERCY PARKES**
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

**Eliot & Marian**

*Printed chiffons and Crepe de chines in gay colors and latest designs from New York! Made with the exquisite finish characteristic of the finest modiste. New line of COUNTRY CLUB dresses, smart and serviceable.*

**CARL S. ROHR**
*Electric*
HOUSE WIRING
*Lamps, Fixtures, Radios*
*Hotpoint Appliances and Ranges.*
Telephone 58 Ocean Avenue Near Dolores

**THE ADOBE GIFT SHOP**
*and*
**TEA ROOM**
*Lunches Served*
*Books*
Telephone 324
535 Polk Street
Monterey, Calif.

# SLASHES OF LIFE

By Robert Welles Ritchie

## A MATTER OF PROTOPLASM

A SCIENTIST who has the ability to talk in words of one syllable for the benefit of Dumb Alecks once told me that biologists had discovered protoplasm must be subject to frequent and sudden changes in temperature to achieve its best growth. Protoplasm tissue destined to live only in an equable temperature had a way of deteriorating or, at least, of standing still in slow ferment of dissolution.

So let this be the story of the protoplasmic deterioration of a man we'll call Hicks and how he proved a scientific theorem.

First to dress the stage: Let it be the Island of Hawaii away off there in the Pacific A veritable God's Garden, despite all the reams of copy written by all the secretaries of chambers of commerce in California and Florida. Jungles of tree ferns there. Begonia plants growing the size of trees, with their jewel sprays of blossoms dropping like Tiffany ruby clusters. In the forests of koa a strange star-like purple blossom which lights up the gloom like the reflection from stained glass in the nave of a great cathedral And little winds—soft little winds coming right off the coral reefs of a thousand miles of South Seas; they move like the prelude to a Bach symphony over the acres of sugar cane and up along the gentle slopes of Mauna Kea, the dead volcano, to lose themselves in a wilderness of beauty.

Aye, life is soft there on Hawaii, and seductive. And the browns and the yellows and the few whites there, who either labor or command labor as their individual destinies dictate, take life very softly.

Not so Hicks—at first, that is to say. Emerson T. Hicks—to compound a felony of mendacious disguise—came from New England to the Islands with a stern and rock-bound determination to uplift somebody, somehow. A lot of New Englanders did this same thing a little more than a hundred years ago; they were missionaries and, perhaps, they were upheld by a special Providence watching over their calling. This dispensation somehow missed Hicks.

With a Harvard education and two hundred years of tradition behind him, our New England friend threw himself with a zealot's fervor into the first uplift work that came to hand, which was the business for which his scholastic training had fitted him. That was teaching.

Teaching in Hawaii is a complicated profession. There are, you see, so many yellows and browns and chromatic variants from those two fast colors the teacher has his work cut out for him. "Americanization" is a word to conjure with out yonder. Russians and Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Chinese and even Fijians with kinky hair:—a fine forkful for any theorist in the science of education to swallow.

They told me there in Hilo, which is the principal island town, how Hicks lived for two years out in the plantation country, working with his school seven days a week when five were all the school commission required: working, I should explain, to get beneath the exterior tan of the yellows and the browns so that he might carry Uplift even into the homes of the sugar workers.

Picture to yourself the protoplasmic energy of this New Englander born in a cold and bleak country and, perhaps, reared in a cold and bleak code. Conceive of his manful efforts over two years to whip into some sort of aliveness the torpid souls of Japanese and Russians and Fijians, scholars and parents both. Living practically alone, mind you—I do not give the name of the village; it would mean little to you—alone with his o'er-reaching ideals and that consuming zealot's fire burning—burning hot within him.

Were I writing fiction instead of brutal fact I would be required to fill in a lot of space here: Something about the sighing music of guitars and the notes of love song coming down the soft winds o' nights to where Hicks sat alone in his bungalow under the banana palms. But remember this is science, not fiction.

The She who inevitably intervened was a Filipino woman who wore her camisa in two starched wings over bare shoulders, color of old ivory. She was the very young wife—or let us say woman—belonging to a worker in the sugar cane. Pretty; I can attest to that, for I have seen her.

She nursed Emerson T. Hicks back to health after her man had given him a deep knife wound in the shoulder. And—well, they are living together now on the opposite side of the island. She does the work and Hicks does the drinking.

## PENINSULA PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY SEEKS NEW MEMBERS

The Peninsula Philharmonic Society is sending out generally in Carmel, Monterey and Pacific Grove a circular letter enlisting the support of the residents of the Peninsula to the extent of becoming members of the organization. The officers are Mrs. Edward A. Kluegel, president; Mrs. Sarah Deming, secretary; Barney Segal, treasurer; Mrs. J. S. Cone, Frederick R. Bechdolt and James Hopper, advisory board. This comunity has always been recognized, the organization points out, as one deeply interested in the various arts, but music has not had proper recognition. It is the function of this society to foster musical interests.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE HOME

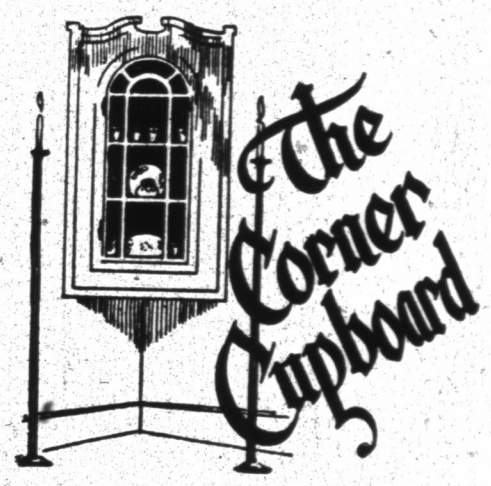
is not necessarily the most expensive. Your house can be unique in appearance—both inside and out—and yet be reasonable in cost. A charming house, no matter how small and simple, will raise the value of your own and neighboring property.

Only beautiful homes belong in beautiful Carmel!

HUGH W. COMSTOCK
*Designer and Builder*
6th and Torres Street Carmel

INTERIOR DECORATING
FURNITURE
DRAPES

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING
*Zanetta Catlett*
*Kennedy Owen*




Seven Arts Building

*Famous Surrey Pottery*

A NEW LOT of beautiful and interesting pottery has just been received from England. It is all made by hand under the direction of the widow of the well known artist, George Frederic Watts . . . . . .

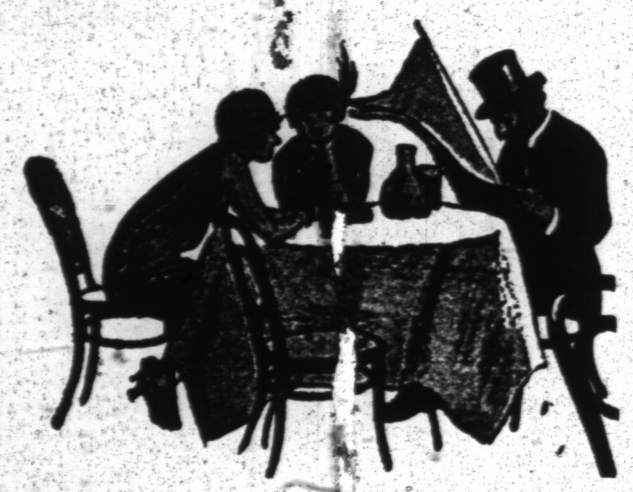
THE CORNER CUPBOARD is the only place in America where you can buy this rare and lovely ware . . . . . .

## SERB CONSULATE SECRETARY VISITING IN CARMEL

SPASO N. KONSTANTINOVICH, secretary of the Consulate of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, has been spending a few days in Carmel. Konstantinovich's name was well known in this country a few years ago, during the Russian Revolution, when he rescued from the Bolsheviks Massorek, now President of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic. At that time Konstantinovich was secretary of the Serbian Consulate in Moscow.

## WALTER JACK DUNCAN ILLUSTRATES NEW MORLEY BOOK

THE ROMANY STAIN", Christopher Morley's latest book, will be illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan whose pen drawings are so perfect a visualization of the author's intent that his readers have come to look on them as inseparable from the text. Mr. Duncan, although he has lived for a long time not many steps around the corner from the old Brevoort, is one of those Hoosiers who helped to make Indianapolis famous. He and his chum, Bob Holliday, more formally known among the literati as Robert Cortes Holliday, were playing with the Penrods of their neighborhood in the



backyards and alleys of the half-grown city while Tarkington was a college boy writing plays for school dramatics. Duncan and Holliday came to New York and shared the proverbial garret while they studied are at the Art Students' League. The boys became pupils of the great John H. Twachtman and their first exhibit was held in the Doubleday, Page Bookshop on Fifth Avenue. A signal recognition of Duncan's work came during the war when he was chosen by the National Committee, headed by Charles Dana Gibson, as one of the eight official artists who accompanied the A. E. F.

## MRS. DIBRELL TO MOVE TO BLOOMIN' BASEMENT

Lois Dibrell of the Carmelita Shop has rented "The Bloomin' Basement" and expects to open there August 15. While every one who knew it as it was will miss the flower shop, Mrs. Dibrell says that she hopes that The Bloomin' Basement will bloom as well with her hats and gowns as it has done for the past two years with Helen Wilson's charming flowers.

## *Prominent Citizens of Carmel*

Number Four—and Five

IF YOU KNOW Ocean avenue at all you certainly know Firefly Yates. If you have known Ocean avenue for any time at all you certainly remember Bunty Bixby. The portraits of both are presented herewith.

It was not many months ago that Bunty,

after a long and useful life of 16 years, was gathered unto her fathers. Carmel has the distinction of being the scene of her death.

Firefly still graces the main street of Carmel and, it is hoped, will continue to grace it for many years to come. We say "graces" advisedly, because Firefly's jet black spots on her snow-white background stand high in the realm of canine pulchritude. And Firefly is a thoroughbred, without a doubt. Her parents and grandparents have walked away with many a blue ribbon and many a silver cup when shown by Mrs. C. Halsted Yates, recognized throughout the land as an authority on Dalmatians, of which breed is Firefly.

As for Bunty (may the canine god rest her soul), she was a Scotch terrier and a fine one. Besides creating considerable entertainment on Ocean avenue whenever she walked the two blocks from the Game Cock to the post-office in an hour and a half, Bunty has made her not always welcome appearance in all the big cities of the country, dictating the nightly domiciles of her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bixby, by the relative consideration of hotel managers who would or would not accept her as an integral part of the party.

Firefly hasn't missed her yet, but Firefly has the shallowness of youth.

## FRANK B. DUVENECK HERE FOR CAMPING TRIP

Frank B. Duveneck, son of the famous painter and president of the Pacific Steam Motors Corporation, came to Carmel with Mrs. Duveneck and their twelve year old son to take part in a camping and hunting trip down the coast over the week-end. The other members of the party were Dr. D. T. Mac Dougal and Professor Vladimir Moravek of the Coastal Laboratory.

Alan McEwen, in charge of publicity for for the San Francisco Community Chest, is in Carmel with his family for two weeks stay.

## GEORGE JEAN NATHAN'S NEW BOOK ON THE THEATER

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, author of "The Autobiography of an Attitude" and other works of caustic philosophy and dramatic criticism, has completed his new book, "The House of Satan", which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf on August 5. The title, which refers to the theater, is the key to the book; for Mr. Nathan's theory is that all art and particularly dramatic art is bound to have an immoral effect. This is a and morality have nothing to do with each step beyond the usual protestations that art other; and "The House of Satan" will undoubtedly create comment and controversy beyond anything stirred up even by his earlier books.

Carl Van Vechten has just written a book about the negroes in Harlem in the form of a novel called "Nigger Heaven".

A BOOK *about* CARMEL

*yesterday and today*

The first and only book on all phases of Carmel, giving an account of its history, arts, literature and science; its original personality, and its beauty!

Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

**Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.**

**Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.**

**Advertising rates obtainable on application.**

**The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.**

**Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.**


## *Notes and Comment*

WE DON'T KNOW who's responsible and we haven't time to determine, but the person or persons who control the destinies of our street improvement work have a peculiar sense of humor if it is manifested in this mid-summer activity in the widening of the street corners of Ocean avenue. Tilly Polak, in her letter to the editor of The Cymbal, voices a righteous wrath. The thing is highly ridiculous. The annoyance and the danger resulting from this choice of the busiest time of year for this improvement work are many times greater than those occasioned by the narrow turns and outweigh fourfold the relief to be gained for many years to come. It is so inexplicable that governing bodies have such a tight corner on dumbness. The man who repaired the dance floor at the height of the ball was a Solomon compared to some of our public officials.

* * *

AND WHILE we are on the subject of our legislators it would be both fitting and proper to register a lament against the official action which has resulted in the loss of three pine trees on Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. The resultant gain from the slaughter of these trees has been a total of about three square feet distributed at three points in the pavement. It is not hard to figure how much is thereby provided for additional parking space on the street. At a recent meeting of the board of trustees Mr. Wood made the intelligent remark that the trees were going to die anyway. Quite so, and also are all the other trees in and about Carmel. The logic of Mr. Wood condemns them all to the immediate demands of commerce. And in the meantime Dolores street as viewed from Ocean avenue looks strangely nude and shameful.

* * *

CHEAP TOWN provincialism of the chamber of commerce variety is one thing and community self respect is quite another. The man who cannot control his abiding love of personal publicity to the extent that he will cooperate with a sensation-seeking newspaper reporter to make a city appear ridiculous and self-respecting persons in it appear ridiculous is not an assset although he may be picturesque on the main street. As against the method of Perry Newberry in advertising Carmel is the example of Ted Kuster in bold and refreshing relief. Newberry framed with a San Francisco Examiner reporter that a reception committee would be named by him to welcome and receive Aimee McPherson if she could be brought to Carmel and, in fact, the names of the committee as appointed were published in the Examiner. One of them, whose name was used without his permission expressed to us his disgust that he should be connected in any way with such a "messy affair". But the committee idea was not noisome enough, quite understandable for the reporter, and apparently also for Newberry. The reporter telephoned to Kuster and announced that Newberry would like to use the Theatre of the Golden Bough for the public appearance of the McPherson woman here. Kuster replied that he would not even consider such a thing and said that he would wire his attitude to the Examiner if necessary. God knows the Examiner never overlooks a chance to make Carmel appear ridiculous, but it is past understanding that anyone who pretends to love the place should assist the newspaper in its efforts.

* * *

WE WERE GRATIFIED the past week when a person who happens to be quite an asset to Carmel stopped us on the street and told us that her son, also a Carmel asset, had taken her copy of last week's Cymbal to San Francisco to show friends of his there just what the Carmel attitude is regarding the McPherson person and all the unsavory stuff about her in connection with this community. He said that some people around the bay had the wrong idea about Carmel's re-action to the whole mess and that The Cymbal's editorial comment last week would set this right. We hope so.

### FIXING IT

Ocean avenue is undergoing repairs, gutters and drains being built in against the next rainy season.

## A LETTER

### MISS MANAGEMENT IN CARMEL

AFTER TEN MONTHS twisting her thumbs, although everybody expected her to come to Carmel and do something, Miss Management arrived in Carmel last week, seemingly for a long stay.

With lots of noise and showing off she began to break up the streets at all crossings of Ocean avenue. Noise and dust were so terrific that some of the shops had to close up (they pay taxes too). They could not hear their customers anyway.

Tourists and visitors flocking in. The road to the beach blocked. Cars at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde waiting in long rows, not knowing where to go. Strangers at a loss how to keep to the right when the right side of the road is closed. In one word, a mess. But Miss Management keeps smiling serenely. Ten months of idleness, but in the two summer months she will show us what she is doing for Carmel. Two months in which visitors want to come to quaint, restful, quiet Carmel. I am sorry Ido not know how to swear, otherwise—

—TILLY POLAK


*Carmel*
**CLEANING WORKS**

EXPERT CLEANING
AND PRESSING

W. C. FARLEY
TELEPHONE 242

DOLORES
NEAR OCEAN CARMEL



WANTED—

A BOY, 18, 19, OR 20 YEARS OLD, TO WORK IN THE PRINT SHOP OF

THE CYMBAL PRESS

THE WORK IS NOT THE CLEANEST—SOMETIMES YOU'LL GET AS INKY AS THE EDITOR OF THE CYMBAL HIMSELF—BUT IT'S INTERESTING AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN THE PRINTTING TRADE. . . . . .

# TONAL VARIATION IN THE PIANO

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

THE REAL MUSICIAN is not, as so many people are apt to think, just some one who has practised longer and harder than any one else and can therefore manipulate the difficult "pieces" more skillfully. He is, however, in addition to his gift of expressing beauty and emotion by music, a research worker and experimenter, often an inventor, and always a student of the technical branches of his art, whose very existence is undreamed of by the layman.

David Alberto, who is a concert pianist of wide reputation and an unusually successful teacher of music, lives in Carmel chiefly because he is, as he says, a student and he is happiest when he is able to pursue in peace and quiet the joys of composing and research.

The following on "experiments and a discovery in tonal variation" were set down as he told them to me:—

To those who love the piano so deeply that they have dedicated their lives to its mastery there is an ever-present urge to wid-

en the scope of its possibilities. They are inspired to explore tirelessly in the hope of adding a little more flexibility to it as a medium for translating into beauty of sound the many and varied moods of the human soul.

In the history of the piano it is undoubtedly shown that the marvelous range of its possibilities as an instrument of expression is the result of the discoveries and studies of the innovators among the great pianists. We need only mention Liszt and Rubinstein who caused the instrument to acquire such sonority that orchestral effects are now possible. And, not to omit one's gods, let us believe that the broader playing of Beethoven was a vital influence in the activities of the Stein-Streichers.

The matter of acoustics has long been the object of much interest to me and this article deals with recent discoveries along that line which prove that the piano is an instrument of far more sympathetic nature than is generally appreciated. I believe that the application of these theories should result in enabling pianists to acquire additional technical equipment and broaden the possibilities of pianoforte playing. It is, moreover, the solution of a problem which has puzzled musicians ever since the instrument evolved into its present state of mechanical perfection.

Among pianists there are those who believe that the instrument allows of a variance of tone even after a note is struck; and those who deny this possibility. Included in the latter are those who refuse to acknowledge the existence of such variance because they have discovered no mechanical basis for it. Among the former are instinctive musicians who prefer to trust the impressions upon their auditory nerves rather than the deductions of empiric physicists. It is this quality of varying a tone after the note has been struck which has been the object of my studies and discoveries.

Sound possesses three characteristics. The first and most conspicuous is PITCH—the tone which predominates when a resonant body is caused to sound. Science explains pitch by the number of vibrations a second which a resonant body experiences when it is set in motion. Musical instruments vibrate in this way and in the pianoforte overtones also are produced. These overtones are caused by the vibrating string dividing into two parts, each producing a far less intense sound one octave higher. These segments in turn divide, repeating the process indefinitely. And at each repetition the sound becomes less intense. TIMBRE, the second characteristic of sound, generally neglected, is known as SYSTOLE and DIASTOLE. It is that tendency in a musical sound to grow alternately more and less intense, or in other words, to pulsate. The manner in which in which this pulsation exists in direct ratio to the PITCH and the fact that the frequency of these pulsations doubles in each ascending octave are the characteristics of this factor.

Recent research has convinced me that it is possible to control these factors of a sound after a note has been struck. My studies open new vistas of tonal variance which reveal the piano as an instrument of limitless possibilities.

When you strike a note with damper pedal down and gently wave the hand above the vibrating string, pulsations are created. These pulsations occur in exact rhythm with the movement of the hand and vary accordingly. The obvious conclusion is that these pulsations are due to a disturbance of the air. It is not necessary, however, to disturb the air directly for similar pulsations may be effected by lightly pulling and pushing the instrument from side to side. In this case it is merely a matter of disturbing the air by means of the instrument instead of the hand, but observe that these pulsations follow also in the same rhythm with such movement. The slight movement necessary to create such pulsations lies within the possibility of the pianist. This is shown by the fact that to attain this result you need only strike a note and move the wrist from side to side.

It has generally been believed that, since the hammer is thrown beyond the control of the player after the note is struck, physical contact is no longer possible. But just such movements with the wrist and arm as have been noted are made by the pianists who hold this view. Their results are obtained by instinct rather than reason. Even at the present day these pianists do not realize that the slighest movement imparted to the instrument causes a variation in the rate of SYSTOLE and DIASTOLE.

If a full chord is struck forte and the wrists moved in a similar but more energetic fashion the volume of sound will increase although these pulsations continue. We can offer no positive explanation of this phenomenon. It may be safely stated, however, that this is a matter of controlling SYSTOLE and DIASTOLE, causing the mass of sound to swell and decrease alternately, not in the manner characteristic of that phenomenon. A chord struck without any controlled motion permits

*Wrought Iron*
**The Forge in The Oaks**
John Catlin Carmel

*Carmel Auto Laundry*
EQUIPPED TO GIVE THE UTMOST IN SERVING MOTOR CARS
CARL HARRIS,
Proprietor
Sixth near San Carlos
Opposite Service Station Phone 158-W

Old Cabin Inn
Lodging with or without meals. Chicken Dinner Sunday and Wednesday.
El Camino Real
Carmel Telephone 166W

its various notes to pulsate at their accustomed rates; and instead of conspicuous pulsations only an undulating quality is heard. It is when the chord is struck with controlled motion, causing the notes to swell and decrease simultaneously and at will, that this additional volume is obtainable.

The volume of sound seems to be increased mostly in the lower register when a chord is struck plus the movement given the instrument. The only logical deduction we can offer is that this disturbance of the air for some unknown reason increases the resonance of UNDERTONES.

Timbre consists not only of OVERTONES but also of UNDERTONES, a second factor not so well understood and, indeed, to many existing only in theory. I believe that these undertones actually exist, for it is through their existence alone that we can account for the increased sonority of the lower register. This theory may appear more logical and comprehensive when you consider that undertones are actually created in the air. It is only reasonable, therefore, to assume that the air itself should be considered as a part of the instrument.

Since the variation of overtones and undertones means variation of TIMBRE, I believe that the foregoing constitutes sufficient proof that the instrument lends itself to this variation. Visual evidenec of such variation may be obtained by means of the following experiment:

Place the piano near a window in such a position that the sunlight will fall upon a saucer containing water which is set upon the instrument. If the atmospheric conditions are suitable the reflection of the rays from the water caught upon a dark object will appear as a perfect ellipse. Striking a note in different ways will cause this reflection to vary. Tones which may be described as round and full although the intensity is not varied cause the entire mass of light to sway across the surface with but little disturbance within the reflection. Other tones, described as hard and sharp, will cause less movement of the entire ray of light, but will create a far greater internal disturbance. This experiment, though of such apparent simplicity, furnishes sufficient proof that the entire piano does oscillate and that these oscillations are responsible for the variance in overtones and undertones, and hence, the variance in TIMBRE.

It is impossible to determine from these experiments at this stage just what is the relative importance of the part played by SYSTOLE and DIASTOLE, and that of overtones and undertones as factors of varying tonal quality. It is safe to assume, however, that each has its role and that future experiment may result in definite conclusions. The failure of pianists to recognize the possibility of tonal variance is probably due to their failure to realize two simple facts: how slight an effort is necessary to impart movement to an instrument weighing anywhere from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds; and the effect such movements make by the contact of the air against the instrument. Another cause for the delay of this discovery of qualitative variance is the relative unimportance ascribed in the past to SYSTOLE and DIASTOLE as a factor in acoustics.

I cannot help feeling that these discoveries have an important bearing upon the art of pianoforte playing. They lift the piano from a cold instrument of percussion to a flexible medium which responds to the slightest degree of varied feeling which the performer chooses to express. They present it to the understanding pianist as a warm, sensitive and sympathetic instrument the mastery of which is well worth the work and devotion of a lifetime.

*We make our own*

ICE CREAM

*It is not shipped in*

*Try our famous*

LOGANBERRY SHERBET

*Curtis Candy Store*

CARMEL GARAGE

TELEPHONE 112

OUR EXPERT MACHINISTS OVERHAUL AND REPAIR ALL MAKES OF CARS

*See the Comic Opera -*

KING DODO

*in the*

FOREST THEATER

*Carmel*

Company of 75—almost all girls.
Large orchestra of 20 pieces. . .

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14

*Produced by*

FENTON P. FOSTER

*Seats on sale at-*

Palace Drug Company, Carmel.
Palace Drug Company, Monterey.
C. K. Tuttle Drug Store, Pacific Grove.
Hotel Del Monte.
Highlands Inn.

Prices: $1.50 and $1.00

# MADAME SCHEYER AND "THE BLUE FOUR"

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

ONCE in a while the gods seem to smile upon an event and arrange that everything shall be delightful.

The new Denny and Watrous studio was the scene last Thursday evening of Madame E. E. Scheyer's lecture on the Blue Four. The frankly modern atmosphere, the interested audience, the beautiful room, the starry night, the magnetic personality of the speaker made a rare and very wonderful combination.

What is Art? Probably no one went there expecting that question to be answered—and it wasn't. But Madame Scheyer had not spoken long before one began to realize that art as something static does not exist. It is a constant becoming; and those who wanted a restful and definite solution to an ever-perplexing problem must have been disappointed. The vitality of the speaker, her understanding and her awareness gave one a sense of art as a living, growing thing.

"There is no stopping," she said, "and no standing still. One must move with the times."

Art is created out of an inner necessity. Unless one can achieve a subtle understanding and a vital contact with that centre from which all creative forces spring, one can never hope to experience art from the artist's point of view. One must expect to be startled; revelation flashes like lightning. There is no rest—no time to formulate theories Out of the bud of the present, the rose of tomorrow is always opening—never completed—never finished. Yesterday there was Impressionism—today Cubism, tomorrow will bring us other "isms" and so on ad infinitum. The speaker took our breath away. She went beyond the sphere of the intellect and showed us art as the flowering of the spirit. She spoke as one who burned with the thing she wanted to impart and for this reason she was intensely convincing.

The lantern slides were excellent. Beginning with Delacroix, Madame Scheyer gave a short survey of art up to the present day. It was delightful to watch her response to some of the older masters and quite reassuring in an age when one is considered out of date for loving Holbein and de Vinci.

Her tribute to Greco was a thing beyond intellectualization. It revealed the artist in her and gave a sense of adoration for a religious quality which could not be expressed in words.

The architectural forms of Cezanne, the whirling rhythm of Van Gogh, the dramatic sense of Rousseau, led up to the art of the Blue Four.

This group of painters, Feininger, Jawlensky, Kandinsky and Paul Klee, is represented in America by Madame Scheyer. Feininger is an American, Jawlensky and Kandinsky are Russians and Klee is a German. They are fortunate in having such an enthusiast to introduce their work to the American public. Three of these men are professors of art at Weimar, two of them are excellent musicians, one is a composer and all of them are splendid human beings. We were shown photographic slides so that we could read something of their character in their faces—that is, of all but Paul Klee whose picture was lost. "That's just like him," said Madame Scheyer laughingly, "he never shows up when you expect him."

Among the originals in the collection, the following were especially memorable:—three heads by Jawlensky showing the pure beauty of silent color and simple line.

"The Cloud" by Feininger—a delicately poetic conception, remarkable for its sense of space and light.

The "Brown Ray" by Kandinsky—enigmatic and surprisingly dynamic.

"The House-tree", "The Corn-field" and two little gossiping birds by Paul Klee were fantastic and full of a whimsical humor.

A queer little figure in the Aztec spirit on a red-brown background had a texture like old pottery. This we were told was achieved simply by water-color.

If one were to search for a word which would give the key-note to the whole lecture, it would perhaps be "motion". Not progression in a straight line but radiation from a centre—not haphazard motion but an orderly and rhythmic expansion following the principle of growth. Madame Scheyer spoke with the conviction which comes only from absolute sincerity. There was an electric quality about her which iluminated her subject and made it burn with clear intensity. No one could have been better fitted to bring about a vivid understanding of abstract painting.

## POST IMPRESSIONS
### (Madame Scheyer's Lecture)

KANDINSKY: Cold forms
Of mathematical precision.

JAWLENSKY: Simplicity of line
Reduced to pure abstraction.

FEININGER: Magical ships
On strange up-heaving seas.

PAUL KLEE: Hot summer
In a singing field of grain.
A house-tree
Built of fairy-tales and dreams.

ROUSSEAU: Horror of moonlight
And a white-eyed beast.

FRANZ MARX: Sky-towering horses
Of world building strength.

VAN GOGH: Whirling of suns
And dizzy trees and hills.

EL GRECO: A soaring burning spirit
Seeking the heights
El Greco of the Flame.

—D. C. H.

# SOCIETY

MR. AND MRS. RAY Woodward took a party over to Del Monte for dinner and dancing Saturday night. The party was given in honor of Mrs. Woodward's sisters, Mrs. Henry Kingman, Mrs. Gerald Kieth and Mrs. H. E. Atwood of Minneapolis, who are here with their families, and have taken the Harry Leon Wilson house, "Ocean Home", below Carmel Highlands. The guests on the party were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kingman, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Keith and Mrs. H. E. Atwood of Louis Boisot, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Mrs. H. E. Atwood, Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson, Miss Katharine Cooke, Messrs Humphrey Todd and Harold Hestwood.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Newsome of Oakland were in Carmel for the week-end at La Playa. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton at dinner at the Valley View Tea Shop in Carmel valley and at an evening of informal bridge later. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. Rowntree, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Todd, Miss Vivian Foree and Mr. J. O. Cope.

* * *

Miss Adeline Rotti gave a tea Sunday afternoon in her studio, "The Sandpiper", in honor of Mrs. Gradwohl of St. Louis. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hestwood, Mr. and Mrs. C. Halsted Yates, Mrs. Louise Walcott, Mrs. Alfred Burton, Mrs. Edward Kuster, Harold Hestwood, Johan Hagemeyer, and Harold Gates.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Titmas entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. C. L. Arlington, director-general of posts at Pekin, China. The guests included Miss S. L. Vincent, Miss Helen Parkes, Miss Jettie Askew, Mrs. Grace Wickham, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Douglas and D. L. Staniford.

* * *

Miss Jadwiga Noskowiak entertained the Hamlet cast after the performance on Saturday night at the home of Miss Tilly Polak.

**REWARD—Imitation tortoise shell spectacles lost on July 30 or after. Return to Cymbal office.**

GENERAL MORTGAGE COMPANY
Of San Francisco
*Building Loans*

R. H. BOWEN
Monterey County
Representative

Corner Ocean and
Lincoln, Carmel
Telephone 271

# "CLARA BARRON" FINE CHARACTER STUDY

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

THERE IS A wonderful paragraph in the first chapter of "Clara Barron" by Harvey O'Higgins. It describes a child who "was supposed to be a musical prodigy" and who "believed it of herself", practising the piano:

"She attacked 'The Blue Alsatian Mountains' now, with as much determination as if she were going to dig a tunnel through them. Sitting very proudly upright on the piano stool—so high that she could not reach the pedals—she pounded her way into the melody with both hands, her lips moving as if in prayer as she counted time, her eyes devotional under a pious high forehead. Her hair was drawn back taut from her brows and held with a tight blue ribbon behind her ears and by that pull on her eyebrows her whole face seemed to be reined up to a look of absorbed aspiration. It was the look of a Jeanne d'Arc riding to victory on a caterpillar tractor that crawled along under her with a hideous uproar and an irresistible power. Her ten determined fingers tramped slowly up the keys, stepping high and heavily. They toiled over the blue Alsatian mountains with the tread of a squad of pile-drivers hammering out a trail; and when they had reached the top she turned back the page and started another squad after them over their devastated tracks; and she followed with a third and a fourth and a fifth, flushed and triumphant and hopefully pleased with herself."

You are hardly surprised to find that Clara Baron develops into a powerful worker for woman's suffrage and that her life takes its course to the tune of the same heavy, humorless tramp with which her clumsy fingers pounded out the strains of the waltz.

It is an interesting study of character that O'Higgins has written. I remember being impressed and delighted by "Some Distinguished Americans" which he wrote some years ago. This book is simply another collection of character sketches rather than a novel, and the first chapter is the best—the most vivid and most convincing of the whole volume. The rest is disappointing, though there are touches of fine description, pathetic and poignant glimpses of the suppressed emotional side of Clara's nature, and much penetrating psychology. To me, however, her development into the famous public worker was not quite convincing. She had been represented all along as so stolid, so unimaginative, so utterly without knowledge of books or questions of general interest that you wonder a little how she evolved into the successful executive, capable of directing important campaigns and editing magazines—all before she was much more than thirty years old. Up to almost the end of the book the author tells the story from one angle, that of Clara Barron herself. Then, suddenly, he shifts it entirely and you see her through the eyes of the two people closest to her and who knew the real woman so little that their lack of understanding is in the nature of the final tragedy of her sombre life. There is something dramatic about this sudden change of viewpoint, perhaps, but none of the book lives up to the promise of the first chapter.

## JUNGLES AND SARDINE CANS

KATHLEEN NORRIS, whose new book, "Hildegarde", will come from the presses of Doubleday, Page and Company this autumn, returned recently from a trip around the world in which she tried to track down romance and confesses that she failed to locate it.

"Travelers of the world," she says in McClure's, "whose eyes and cameras have

captured so much of its glory, we salute you without envy for what you have done.

"We know just how tame, how disillusioning were the adventures that read so bravely. We know about the lost tickets, the boresome companions. We know that you found the blackness of the impenetrable temple lighted trimly by electricity; we know that only by the grace of Thomas Cook and Son did you paddle on the Nile; we know that in the trackless jungle where never foot of man had trod, you picked up hairpins and sardine cans."

## REVEREND SHELDON RESIGNS

The Reverend Frederick Sheldon, minister of the Carmel Church on Lincoln street, has sent in his resignation. He will continue in the church until September.

**FOR SALE—Two beautiful lots in Carmel Woods. Cheap. Lewis L. Thomas, 508 Dutra street, Monterey.**

Studio Gown Shop

NEW FALL MODELS OF THE LATEST STYLES ON DISPLAY - SIZES 14 TO 44. @ AFTERNOON, EVENING AND SPORT COSTUMES. . . . .

Miss ANNA KATZ
Court of the Golden Bough
TELEPHONE 30

Lucille Kiester
PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE
EDUCATIONAL TOYS
CHILDREN'S DRESSES
Czecho-Slovakian and Hungarian . . .
Mary Moore Handmade Dresses . Chase Dolls
Court of The Golden Bough

WHITNEY'S
[Formerly Basham's]
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON
FOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

LUNCH 11:30 TO 2 TEA 3 TO 5 DINNER 5:30 TO 8
FLOR DE MONTEREY
TEA SHOP
CHICKEN MARYLAND VIRGINIA BAKED HAM OMELET SUPREME
FREMONT STREET, OPPOSITE MISSION MONTEREY TELEPHONE 1400

# The Convergence of Fundamentalism and Evolution

By Professor G. T. W. PATRICK
University of Iowa
(Reprinted from the Scientific Monthly)

Chapter Three

IT APPEARS, then, at the close of the first quarter of the century, that while the fact of evolution is not in doubt, the belief in it being firmer today than ever before, neither the causes of evolution nor the manner are known. Let us consider finally the **meaning** of evolution. Since neither the causes nor the method are known, evidently it means nothing more than that there are gradual changes in living forms in the direction of greater specialization and greater adaptation to the environment. Since such changes are going on before our eyes at the present time in plant and animal organisms and in the human mind and human affairs, there would not seem to be much ground for controversy here. To be sure, we should not put too much emphasis upon the word "gradual" in the above definition, since abrupt mutations are now emphasized more than the gradual small variations. It would seem necessary only to have the abrupt mutations abrupt enough, and the views of the evolutionists and of the special creationists would merge.

Since, then, evolution means nothing more than changes in plant and animal species in the direction of specialization and adaptation, it behooves us to ask concerning the meaning of these changes, and here another significant fact already referred to needs to be brought in the focus of attention. We have seen that the process of development is not an unrolling process, in which the implicit is merely becoming explicit. It is rather a building-up process in which something new is being constantly added. The whole movement should be called an epigenesis rather than an evolution. But the change in nomenclature can not be made, for the word **evolution** glides from the tongue with astonishing ease, involving, as someone has said, like the corresponding German word **Entwickelung**, all the elements of our vocal apparatus in a most harmonious manner, while the word "epigenesis" is harsh and forbidding. Furthermore, the word epigenesis in biology has a technical meaning debarring it from general use.

To be sure, the claim might be made, and indeed has been made, that the whole evolutionary process is one of unfolding, a kind of unwrapping, all later forms of life being present potentially in the amoeba; but the only possible argument for this view would be that since everything has come out of the original simple forms of life, everything must have been potentially present in them. But perhaps everything has not come out of these simple living forms. This is pure assumption. Possibly something has been added all the way along. We speak of evolution of the automobile, but the latest skilled product of the automobile art was not potential in the first crude machine. Every improvement has been a new creation. Suppose that you are building a new house and you describe how the the plan has "evolved" in your mind. But the fact is that every change or every addition was a new thought, an improvement, a plus, a creation. The original simple house plan did not contain any potency of the final perfected scheme.

Briefly, then, the meaning of evolution is that it is a creative process, something new appearing at every step of the developmental history. Evolution is a process not of unrolling, but of upbuilding. Every change is a transformation. The French word **transformisme** is a happier word than the English "evolution" or the German **Entwickelung**.

Evolution is a history of new forms and functions. Every new form is a plus—a new creation. Since Wundt introduced the notion of creative synthesis, the word creation is coming into general use both in science and philosophy. Creative evolution is a phrase made famous by Bergson. Professor Moore in his book, "The Origin and Nature of Life", says that "traces of evidences are lately beginning to come into view which are highly suggestive of continuous present-day creation of matter at the organic level, and of creation of life from inorganic materials at the organic level". Creation does not mean the production of something out of nothing. The architect creates a Gothic cathedral, but he does not create the stone and mortar. The promoter creates a new organization, but he does not create the men that compose it. Creation means just this—the production of something distinctly new and unique. Reality is found, as Aristotle told us long ago, in structure, form, organization and function, not in the mere stuff which happens to compose the material. Organic evolution is essentially constructive and creative.

**Denny and Watrous**
Designers, Builders, Decorators of Homes
Box 282 Carmel, California

**CARMEL**
*Tea Garden*
LUNCHEON SERVED IN THE OPEN FROM 12 TO 2. AFTERNOON TEA. PRIVATE BRIDGE PARTIES. LUNCHEONS AND TEAS.
PICNIC LUNCHES
TELEPHONE 366
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

*The Cinderella Shop*
SALE OF SUMMER DRESSES
*Shipment just received of imported hand embroidered dresses in linen, rajah and crepe.*

**M. J. MURPHY**
CONTRACTING AND BUILDING
BUILDING MATERIALS
OFFICE TELEPHONE 153
YARD TELEPHONE 88 W

# A PEEP AT PARIS

Paris, December 15

THE DEPARTMENT stores here are almost as crowded as at home but so far I have not noticed that the Christmas spirit that is all about one at home around this time of year. And the Christmas cards! They are simply hopeless!

The movies are rather fun. They begin at 8:30 and last until about 10:30 or 11:45. There is an intermission and the nice Frenchmen (lower class) come back with oranges. There are so many much nicer things to eat in a movie than a smelly, juicy orange! But they will do it! American movies under the most bastard titles are everywhere. Charlie Chaplin is as popular here as at home. And incidentally, Fatty Arbuckle pictures are shown in Africa, Italy and France. (Oh dear! Think of all the valuable historic information I might have picked up in my extensive travels, and I come across with an observation like the above! I shall always remain a little gutterpup.)

We met a friend of Adam's who makes costume designs for many of the big New York shows, and, of course, he wanted to see the Folies Bergeres from a professional standpoint, naturally. Well, we went. Well! and again well! But uot from a professional standpoint. For the costumes were for the most part poor and were soiled and mussed in the bargain. But I never saw such nudity! The girls' breasts were absolutely bare and, in fact, there was only one anatomical part we did not see sooner or later. And there was a ballet scene that made the one in "Mecca" seem like a picture on a Sunday School card. They even lowered the lights to indicate a passage of time—sort of like asterisks in the middle of a chapter!

You know, most of the tradespeople eat their meals in their shops or at their booths. We went to buy our tickets about 7:30 in the evening before we went to dinner. The girl at the ticket office calmly continued to eat her dinner and a friend who was talking to her said that she would not sell tickets during her dinner. We were about to turn away, disconsolate, when the good friend suggested that if perhaps we were to give her a pourboire? In the meantime the lady in question calmly continued to eat—with no interest in the discussion. We ended up by having to hand the lady ten francs for disturbing her. Yet there she sat in the little ticket office with the window open. Can you beat it?

We are having a small tea Wednesday at which will be present one Russian sculptor and his wife, one Polish artist, on honest-to-goodness Hindoo princess from Kashmir and one American artist. So you see it will be quite international. I only hope the nations will be peaceful!

Paris, January 21

Tuesday evening with our little Hindoo princess we went to a cafe over in the Montmartre on the top of a hill overlooking Paris. It is called "The Agile Rabbit" and is run by a man over eighty, with long white beard and twinkling eyes—a perfect Rip Van Winkle. Inside, the place looks like a cave, lighted dimly by just two oil lamps. People got up and recited their own poems, and the princess, who is studying for the opera, sang. And every time people applauded, the nice old shaggy dog that lives there would bark enthusiastically. It really was lots of fun. More next week.

—Jean

L. C. Arlington, director general of posts at Pekin, China, will address the members of the local Masonic club this evening.

VOTE FOR
J. E. STEINBECK
(Incumbent)
Candidate for
TREASURER
of Monterey County
[Subject to Primary Election August 31, 1926]

A. CLAY OTTO
DESIGNER
*Architectural*
*Monumental*
*Display*
STUDIO IN COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

NEW STUCCO HOUSE
*in exclusive district*
LOT 60 x 100 ~ $5500.00
CARMEL REALTY COMPANY
*R. C. DeYoe*
*Ocean Avenue* *Telephone 21*

PRINTING BY THE
CYMBAL PRESS
CANNOT BE DUPLICATED
IN CHARACTER
TASTE AND QUALITY

## CYMBALINE SEES CARMEL

CYMBALINE came in, humming a bar from "The Road to Mandalay". She stopped when she saw me and asked, "Have you a set of Kipling?"

"Why yes," I replied, "but I thought you had rather left Kipling behind in the progress of your literary tastes."

"Oh, I always go back to him every once in a while," she returned serenely, "Of course, I've read everything of his long ago (not what he's written since the war because I don't count that in) and there's so much new literature coming along all the time that one hasn't time to re-read old books as often as I'd like. But I've just seen some things which came from India, and it somehow made me want to read Kipling again. Other people have undoubtedly written about India and you can't prove it by me whether or not Kipling's stories are true pictures of the atmosphere there, but when I'm in the mood for India I'm perfectly satisfied with 'Kim' and 'The Jungle Books' and 'The Day's Work' and—"

"Yes, I know the names as well as you do," I interrupted hastily, "but where did you see the things from India in Carmel?"

"Oh, down on Ocean avenue in a little shop," explained Cymbaline, "I was passing by and happened to catch sight of a lovely block print cloth which reminded me of Mary's couch cover at college. Do you remember it? Nobody else at that time had anything so full of color and so quaint and different."

"Oh, that's the rug shop, isn't it?"

"Yes, but do you know how those lovely thick, soft Indian rugs are made? They take the wool of Angora goats and spread it out in a thick mass, in layers, with bunches of the hair arranged criss-cross, and then they wet the whole business and let it dry. The blazing hot sun of India dries it and shrinks it into a thick mat just like felt, and then they send it to the city somewhere to be embroidered. They're all done by hand, in a sort of chain stitch, in scrolls and flowers, and soft colors that blend together beautifully."

"They would make nice warm rugs to have in a bedroom to step onto when you get up on a frosty morning," I remarked, "what part of India do they come from?"

"Kashmir. Mr. Whiffin said almost all of his things are from Kashmir, though he has friends in a lot of different sections of India who send him things for his shop. There are some beautiful lacquer boxes from Burma that are quite rare in this country—the designs are interesting, with a sort of Persian or Chinese flavor to them, and the inside of the box is in that glorious rich scarlet which is my particular joy."

"I would love to have a couch cover made of a Persian block print but I don't suppose I could afford it," I remarked longingly.

"Well, that all depends upon what you can afford," returned Cymbaline cheerfully, "but if you want something effective, there are Indian prints which have much the same appearance as the Persian but are only about half as expensive. The colors are lovely, and it occurs to me, on thinking over these prints and the embroidered articles—the pillow covers, curtains, and bedspreads and table runners—that they would fit particularly well in Carmel and blend with redwood walls beautifully, as well as with plaster or stucco. The colors are never harsh, though they aren't dull by any means. There was a curtain hanging against the wall embroidered in blue and green that was delightful—the blue had just enough green in it and the green had had just enough blue so that they harmonized perfectly! The effect was like that blending of jade and blue you see in the ocean just beyond the breakers on certain brilliant days."

"The amount of handwork is terrific on such things, isn't it?" I've long since lost the patience to do anything finer than wool embroidery myself.

"Yes, but nothing to the wall hangings Mr. Whiffin showed me which he called 'Phulkaris'—they were big piece of cloth, some linen, so solidly covered with embroidery done in silk thread that they felt like heavy velvet—it was wonderful, the rich, smooth feel of that embroidery under one's fingers! And the colors!, One of them was like a ruby in the light, a gorgeous deep crimson. After I had seen it I felt as if anything else would be an anti-climax, and so I left."

"But did you see the 'Numdah rugs'?"

Cymbaline smiled. "Yes—that's one of the three Indian words I added to my vocabulary to-day! 'Phulkari', the wall hanging I told you about; 'sari', a sort of silk veil the women wear over their heads; and 'numdah'—which means, in Indian, just RUG!"

## PATER NOSTER

Mon Dieu sur votre autel, je viens dire merci
J'avais imprudemment nie votre existence,
Enfin J'etais athe; surtout j'etais impie.
Apres avoir bien lu tous les volumes de science
Malgre tout, devant moi, je vous ai vu debout.
Dans votre religion ayant puise ma vie,
Je reviens dans votre temples vous dire me voici.
Etant encor enfant, vous m'avez dit "va-t'en,
Suis les routes des hommes jusqu'au bout du monde;
Travaille, souffre, pleure, ne dis rien, apprend,
Visite les pays inconnus, parcoure les ondes
Apprend combien petit chaque homme est pres de moi,
Plus humble qu'un berger et plus grand que les rois
Suis la route epineuse qui conduit jusqu'a moi

—Jacques-Marie Laumonier

## FOG

FOG. . .

Dripping trees. . .

The reminiscent smell of bacon frying.

Child-laughter

Poet chopping wood

Music somewhere

Carmel's prominent citizens barking.

Dripping trees. . .

Fog. . .

—D. C. H.

JOE PIETROBONO
CANDIDATE FOR
JUSTICE OF
THE PEACE
MONTEREY TOWNSHIP
COUNTY OF MONTEREY
SUBJECT TO PRIMARY ELECTION AUGUST 31, 1926

*Blue Bird Tea Room*

*LUNCHEON*
*DINNER*
*Tea Service*

TELEPHONE 161

WHOLE GRAIN WHEAT
A NATURAL FOOD 100 PERCENT PURE
Cooked in hermetically sealed cans by a special prepared process. Ready to serve. Delicious for breakfast or for any meal.
DR. P. B. WRIGHT, EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTOR
FOR CARMEL AND VICINITY
TEMPORARY OFFICE AT
RESIDENCE, TWELFTH AND CARMELO
MAIL ORDERS, BOX 241
TELEPHONE 122

# ART AND CRAFTS ON SHOW THIS WEEK

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS exhibit this week is the oil paintings and water colors of Theodore Criley. California landscapes and some portraits. Among the water-colors are several done in Europe. There is also an exhibit of weaving by Ruth Kuster, children's dresses by Lucille Kiester of Pinafore Playhouse, ship models by C. E Offley, handwrought jewelry by Mary E Bulkeley, and bookbindings by the Press in the Forest.

The exhibit at the Arts and Crafts next week for one day only, Sunday August 8, will be water-colors by Enid Kinney of San Jose. Miss Kiney is a resident of Carmel part of each year, and her work is well known, though she has not had an exhibition in Carmel for several years. The public is invited from 3 to 6.

## NEW L. C. PAGE BOOKS

"Animal Friends" is the title given to a collection of stories for children by Harriet Cheever and published by L. C. Page of Boston.. There are five tales, dealing with a canary, a pony, a cat, a rabbit and a dog. They are not all new, and some of the illustrations, evidently reprinted from earlier editions, are decidedly old-fashioned. Very young children are not fussy about styles in clothes, however, and in general the pictures are very attractive, with a simplicity and charm which reminds one of the popular Reginald Birch drawings.

Other books received from L. C. Page are "You're Young But Once" by Louise Breitenbach Clancy and "The Uncertain Glory" by Harriet Lummis Smith. One cannot help wishing that this publisher would vary the style of his bindings. The format is pleasant enough, buts gets monotonous when applied to novels and girls' books olike.

# PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. GEORGE MARION was in Carmel for a day on her way to Los Angeles to see her son, George Marion, Jr. She has just arrived in this country after spending the summer in England.

* * *

Mrs. Langdon Harris of New York and Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt motored to San Francisco Thursday.

* * *

Mrs. Douglas Short of San Francisco visited Mrs. D. L. James over the week-end.

* * *

Mrs. C. Draper Howard spent the week-end in Carmel as the guest of Miss Kissam Johnson.

* * *

Mrs. Lee Schlesinger of Portland, Oregon, has been staying at Del Monte Lodge, visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. B. F. Schlesinger. She is returning home tomorrow.

* * *

Two hunting parties left on Sunday for the opening of the deer season. Among the hunters were Don Hale and Jim Wilson who went to Palo Corona, and L. E. Gottfried and Harold Prince to the Cachauga district

* * *

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter is leaving today for the East to return in three weeks

* * *

Mrs. James Swinnerton and her daughter, Mary Elizabeth Swinnerton left Carmel on Monday for their home in Palo Alto.

* * *

Tad Stinson, Eric Wilkinson and Ralph Todd motored to San rancisco on Tuesday, returning Thursday evening.

* * *

Mrs. Paul Boise of Salt Lake City is visiting Miss Mollie Maguire in her Monterey studio.

* * *

Miss Marie Onions of the Oakland Post-Enquirer is a Carmel visitor this week. Her party includes Hazel Livingston, special writer on the San Francisco Call; Dr. Robert Stanley Livingston, a scientist who has recently returned from Denmark; Dr. and Mrs Waldo Westwater of the Nebraska University, and Miss Onions' brother, Albert Onions.

* * *

Mrs Beverley Clarke and her sister, Miss Gladys Vander Roest, motored to Oakland last week and returned to Carmel on Tuesday. Their mother, Mrs. William Vander Roest, returned to Carmel with them.

* * *

Dr. P. B. Wright, who practised dentistry in Pasadena for a number of years, has come to Carmel to make his home and is agent in this vicinity for "Whole Grain Wheat", a popular cereal.

## THOMAS WILKES HERE

Thomas Wilkes, manager af the Wilkes Theater in San Francisco and the Wilkes Orange Grove in Los Angeles, was at Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, over the week-end. He plans to take a cottage in Carmel for himself and his family on the first of September, for three months.

## "CHILDREN OF THE MOON" NEXT GEORGE BALL PLAY

The next Arts and Crafts production, instead of Gribling's "March Hares" as planned, will be "Children of the Moon" by Martin Flavin. It was produced in New York about five years ago where it had a great success. Another play by Flavin is to be given production in New York this winter.

*Fresh cut flowers—colorful and attractive, brighten your home with cheerfulness and beauty. . . .*

CARMEL FLORIST

Telephone 316 Ocean Avenue

ADELINE ROTTI

*Director of Dancing at Theatre of the Golden Bough*

SCHOOL OF DANCING

CLASSES TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS

10 A. M. . Juniors (*Children three to seven*)
11 A. M. . Seniors (*Children seven to sixteen*)
1:30 P. M. . . Business Women's Class
3:30 P. M. . . . . Professional Class

NEW TERM OPENS THIS WEEK

*For information and tuition apply*
*Theatre of the Golden Bough or Post Office Box 1146*

STUDIO *Sandpiper Cottage*
*El Camino Real and Eighth*

# TO BERT HERON IN THE MATTER OF HAMLET

DEAR BERT:—You told us in the advance advertising for Hamlet that you would give us a "swift and magnificent" production. In the face of any charges of bias based on the fact that you are my landlord I am here to say most emphatically that while there may have been times when you might have been criticized for a loose use of the adjective "swift", there is not an atom of room for questioning the veracity of your "magnificent". The unlimited natural possibilities of the Forest Theater assisted you greatly in your accomplishment of the magnificent, but you so assisted those natural possibilities with your interpretation of the character and your general scheme for the production that you might have borrowed a few adjectives from the motion picture press agents and still have been within the realms of truth.

As for your part in the cast alone I, who have known you so well and intimately for the past six months, am compelled to say that you surprised me—aye, you staggered me. My highest ideas of what you might do with Hamlet did not approach what you actually did do with him. It just so happens that my experience with Shakespeare is almost entirely limited to his plays in their written form, and until last Friday night at eleven o'clock I had never seen a production of Hamlet. Therefore I cannot compare your interpretation with that of Edwin Booth John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett as my mother can. I can only compare it with the Hamlet I had constructed in my mind and added to and generally embellished from the day when I learned to murder the "To be or not to be" until that period in my declaiming career when "There are more things in heaven and——" became a part of my social repartee. I think, then, that I can look at you from the standing start of Shakespeare himself and what Shakespeare was able to do to my reactions without the assistance of a line of actors along the way. I can, I think, say that you are my Hamlet or my conception of Hamlet with considerable added on. You actually put him into the flesh for me and the metamorphosis, as it were, mightily pleased me. It would not be embarrassing to you, would it, if I say that I happen to know that you have long wanted to play Hamlet? It shouldn't be, and it will help me so much in this attempt to tell you what I think of the production in your hands. There is in all of us always the embryo of what someday we may do well if we only are given the opportunity. Your Hamlet embryo, coming so long ago, has grown in strength of character and purpose throughout the years, so that when you appeared on that tower about half past eight o'clock last Friday night you were not alone a man playing a part, but a man living a dream. You lived it magnificently, I think, right on through to the end. I did not see the second or the third performance, and I am not sorry. One can't live a dream twice and I care not how perfect in lines and action you may have been on those other two nights, your night was Friday and as you will never feel that thrill again we, who saw you, will never see a more sincere and soul motivated characterization of Hamlet than we did on that night.

In detail I think there were several very fine interpretations you put upon the character. The plan you adopted for the delivering of the soliloquy was particularly effective You gave it a siloquizing atmosphere to perfection, starting as you did from the parapet and casually working up to the stage center Your conversation with the ghost of your father was especially well set. The tower made a most attractive background for the two figures. Then, of course, and as I have said, the Forest theater lent itself so splendidly to the production. Your appearance out there under the trees in conversation with the Norwegian captain was extremely pleasing as was also the grave scene, "off stage". These helped you to give your magnificent production, and Hamlet should be written down as a great credit to Carmel and the already glorious history of the Forest Theater.

In looking over this program before me so many names stare back at me that I feel as though I had perhaps said a great deal too much to you about yourself to permit of much to be said about the others if I am to print this letter in one installment. But it would be false to pin all the roses on your lapel, or cloak. You had some remarkable assistance in this production, both in those who appeared upon the stage and those who have been working for many weeks with you in preparation for the big event. I happen to know, as few others do, that you and John Parker were devoting many evenings a week to Hamlet some three months ago before scarcely any of those beside yourself in the cast knew that they were to be in it. And I remember a day way back in last November when you and Dr. Burton commenced almost daily conferences about it. And one day last May John Parker showed me at his home the models he had made for a stage setting which would set a new Hamlet precedent and require no scene changes throughout the entire production. A few inadequate lines on the third page of the program cover a multitude of trials and tribulations and schemes and hours of toil and talent that made this Hamlet a very noble thing long before the lights fell dimly on the Forest Theater stage last Friday evening.

On the second page are more noticeable lines. They give us the name of Jadwiga Noskowiak who, as Ophelia, transported us in several most impressive and wholly grand scenes. Her interpretation of Ophelia's madness was highly beautiful in its terrible tragedy. Miss Noskowiak was everything that anyone could wish an Ophelia to be or, rather, could wish she did not have to be.

Others who stood out in the cast were Beverly Clarke, who in Horatio made you a most loveable and sympathetic friend; Esther Waite whose attractive stage appearance belied her wickedness as the queen; David O'Neil, properly suave and pompous as the king and who did a fine piece of work especially in his open communion with his soul, and William Vander Roest, whose Polonius was particularly strong. Thomas Bickle and E. O. Robbins provided the few minutes of humor most delightfully and the former was especially amusing in his own private soliloquy. George Ball's contribution to the production was easily and effectively rendered. Katharine Vander Roest Clarke kept her name off the program, but her short appearance on the stage instilled a new and brilliant spark into the fire of it all.

I can't bestow all the laurels justified by the contributions made to the success of Hamlet, but I can say that never has there been in Carmel, or any other city for that matter, a finer spirit displayed in community service than that manifest in putting over this second production of the Forest Theater's seventeenth summer festival.

—W. K. B.

TILLY POLAK

*Antiques and Objets D'Art*

ANTIQUE FURNITURE
IN MAHOGANY AND WALNUT
FROM ENGLAND, HOLLAND,
ITALY AND SWITZERLAND . . .
PEASANT FURNITURE IN OAK
FROM THE TYROLEAN ALPS . . .
WROUGHT IRON GATES AND
FENCES . . . BRACKETS . . .
SCONCES . . . WOODCARVINGS . . .
LAMPS . . . CLOCKS . . . SILVER.

COURT OF THE
GOLDEN BOUGH

CARMEL

# Motion Picture "Variety" Greatest Theater Triumph

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

(In the New York Herald-Tribune)

FOR a combination where great drama and great acting went hand in hand we had to wait until the theatrical season of 1925-'26 had reached its end and the hot days of summer were upon us. And when this marvel did arrive it came in the form of a motion picture from Germany called "Variety". There are those who will protest that with sixty and more first class playhouses in New York devoted to the legitimate drama, one should not have to go to a picture house to see the great modern play of the year. There are still those who regard the "movies" as an art greatly inferior to the spoken drama, and, of course, in many ways it is. But if the playwrights of this and other lands refuse to or are incapable of writing good plays or plays that even will give our best actors an opportunity to show the technique of their art, then what are we going to do about it? Personally, drama to me is drama, whether it is on the stage or on the screen or in a Punch and Judy booth. Without any particular amount of observation or imagination one can find drama on the rusty fire escapes of a tenement or as easily behind the marble walls of a Park Avenue apartment house. Even Shakespeare went on record in a very blanket statement about the world and its relation to the stage.

And as to the art of acting, surely one may find it on the screen as well as on the stage. Our most proficient players make the transition from one to the other with as little effort as does the prestidigitator who crosses the red carpeted runway from the stage to the auditorium—and with as little loss to their art or to their prestige. Heaven is my witness that I hold no brief for pictures as opposed to the spoken drama. The human voice is the greatest asset of them all in the actor's bag of tricks—always has been—always will be. But I do contend that as a play, as a production, as an exhibition of the art of the actor, "Variety" far surpasses any modern drama of the last season. It has left our playwrights and Mr. Werfel, of Germany, and Mr. Capek, of Austria, just as its two leading artists, Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti, have left our leading players, like so many fish gasping for breath on the sun-baked sands of unfulfilled accomplishment.

There is no reason why this great tragedy concerning the lives of the four trapezists should not have been written in the form of a spoken drama, but it wasn't. The author preferred to tell his story on a golden screen. Like all pictures, "Variety" loses much through the silence of the human voice and gains much through the power to present scenes, the magnitude of which makes them impossible to present on any stage. As for instance, such scenes as those in the great amusement parks or more particularly those in the huge Winter Garden at Berlin. Wonderful canvases these and as extraordinary in their artistic detail as in their great dimensions. There are those who claim that the chief virtue of "Variety" lies in the imagination and the perfect skill of its photography, but superlative as is this phase of the picture to my way of thinking, the high honors are easily carried away by the play and the two great artists who interpret its principal roles. And, as a matter of fact, all of the secondary parts and the "bits" are as superbly done in their way as are the performances of Mr. Jannings as Boss Huller and Miss de Putti as Berta Marie. Of the two performances I do not know which I should place first, they are both perfect and complete.

The plot of "Variety" is as simple and direct as that of a bedtime story and the onrush of its human drama as menacing and ruthless as storm-tossed waves beating against a rock-ribbed coast. From the moment Boss Huller and Berta Marie meet in Huller's sordid tent show at the low-class fair grounds at Hamburg, the tragedy is inevitable. We watch the two gradually rise in the social world of the gymnast, grow affluent and finally reach the high point in their profession, but, over it all, there always hangs the gloom of coming disaster—the impotency to overcome the strongest of human animal passions. Huller, at least in the earlier scenes, shows glimpses of the finer emotions, but Berta Marie from the very first moment she appears on the scene suggests nothing but sex. In her every sinuous movement, in every flash of her big, sensitive eyes she exudes sex. If the girl ever keeps her own passions in leash it is to make a lover the more desperately covet her favors, and thus to make her more sure of another cheap bauble. So far as I know the theater of this and of all time harbors no more merciless siren than Berta Marie—faithless to her lover, dead to every decent emotion. And , as played by Lya de Putti, one of the most alluringly attractive wantons ever shown on stage or screen. A characterization in its subtlty and in its malign reactions as any I can recall.

The popular success of "Variety" seems to reflect great credit on the theater-going public because it refutes the idea that, at whatever cost, the public must be amused. During the hour and a half that is consumed in showing this picture there is not one suggestion of a smile. There are even no tears to be shed over this ironic tragedy, which, with the exception of its last moment, is without hope for any one of the characters involved in this tale of human frailty. But at the last, for one brief moment, beyond the open gates of the prison where Huller has spent ten hideous years because he murdered the lover of his sweetheart, we see the blue sky and the waving trees—and freedom.

---

If by any curious freak of fortune I happen to possess any out-of-town readers, permit me to present to them forthwith a reservation and a warning. I have, as you may compliment me by knowing, praised "Variety" with all the gusto at my command as the most brilliantly adult commentary on sex in the year's drama, sage or screen. Now, I am reliably informed that when the picture is shown outside of New York the first two reels will be practically eliminated, leaving out the episode of Boss Huller and his wife and opening as though the Jannings character were married to the amorous Berta Marie.

At the stroke of the cutter's scissors the picture is changed from an ironic, superbly aloof tragedy of passion into a triangular melodrama, with a deceived husband, an erring wife and a villainous seducer. As such "Variety" would still be highly effective and technically brilliant, but I warn you it will be miles from the stern masterpiece I have been cheering for in these columns.

The Jasmine Bush
Carmelo at Twelfth
Rugs and Baskets from Sardinia . . Importations from Tunis and Algiers
Italian bags. . . . .
Open Every Afternoon

Flor de Monterey
FLOWER SHOP
Fremont and Mesa Streets
Trees, Shrubs and Flowers
Telephone 928-J
Nursery 748-J

Staniford's
DRUG STORE
Prescriptions our Specialty
TELEPHONE 150 CARMEL

EUREKA DAIRY
PURE MILK AND CREAM
TELEPHONE 304

# "STELLA DALLAS"

By JOAN RAMSAY

STELLA DALLAS" filmed from the novel of the same name bv Olive Higgins Prouty, was shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Saturday and Sunday nights with a prologue of two songs delightfully sung by Roberta Leitch. Well-acted by a remarkably well-chosen cast and almost faultlessly directed, there is not a false note in the whole production, and down to the smallest inevitable detail the thing is worked out to a superb finish. The action of the play is poignantly dramatic in the story of the pathetically and hopelessly mismated mill-hand's daughter married to the son of a gentleman, and of their child, Laurel, who, although brought up by her mother alone, is completely and in spite of her environment her father's daughter. The tragedy and supreme sacrifice come when Stella, the mother, realizing through an accidentally overheard conversation how she is standing in her daughter's light, allows herself to be divorced in order that Laurel's father can provide her with the surroundings that, although she loves her mother, she instinctively longs for.

Belle Bennett as Stella is given a great character to portray, and she does it perfectly in a finely balanced interpretation. Never once does she over act—a thing which would be very easy to do. To her and to Lois Moran as Laurel go the hardest work and the undivided honors of the play. To me, the parts wherein the play touched the point of absolute perfection were the scene when Stella and Laurel, after waiting all afternoon in vain for the children to come to Laurel's birthday party, sit down together to have the party by themselves—each one trying to hide her disappointment from the other—; and then the scene years later when the same idea is repeated, and Laurel, overhearing from her berth on the train the same conversation which brings home the realization of herself to Stella, comes to her mother's bed and finding her—aparently—asleep, climbs in with her to find comfort from the one being who of all others, in spite of her love for her, has done her the most harm.

Jean Hersholt does good work as Stella's impossible admirer, and Ronald Colman as Stephen Dallas, and Alice Joyce as his old fiancee and second wife, are excellently cast, but have litle or nothing to do in comparison with the other two. The theme of the play is the mother's self-immolation, and the other characters merely form the background for a drama almost Greek in its inevitable tragedy. Stella is foredoomed from the start—one can't outstrip one's heritage—and in spite of her noble and loving nature she can never comprehend—first her husband from another world than hers, and later the girl who, although her adored daughter, belongs always to that world and never to her mother's. The play is the eternal tragedy of the mismated—of the meeting and loving of two, one might almost say different species, with not even in their mutual love for their child a common meeting-ground. It is heartrending—and it makes one think.

## DEAN OF MISS HARKER'S SCHOOL NOW VISITING IN CARMEL

MISS WINIFRED GREEN, dean of women at Miss Harker's School in Palo Alto, is in Carmel on her vacation. She is not at all the awesome personage one pictures a dean of women, for she is a young and very charming English girl. She has only been in this country two and a half years, and has been at Miss Harker's for one year. She is house mother, teacher of domestic science, and manages the social life of the school, in addition to her position as dean. She says that she is devoted to California, although when she first came out she was terribly homesick. She plans to go home for a vacation next year, but says she knows that she will want to come back. She expects to be in Carmel until school opens in September, and until then is staying with Mrs. and Miss Rose of the Corner Cupboard shop in their home here.

## STUDYING LITTLE THEATERS

Mrs. Harry Pratt, of Lynchburg, Virginia, spent the week-end in Carmel. Mrs. Pratt, whose husband is director of the Lynchburg Little Theater, is making a tour of the West, studying the little theaters here. She is now on her way to Honolulu, and on her return in about three weeks, expects to spend some time in Carmel studying the three theaters here—the Theatre of the Golden Bough, the Forest Theater and the Arts and Crafts.

All the natural beauty of Carmel is combined in

HATTON FIELDS

Residence sites on unobstructed heights - in secluded woods - on smooth roadways facing the broad panorama of valley and sea.

A home in

HATTON FIELDS

will be a joy forever

CARMEL LAND COMPANY

OCEAN AVENUE, CARMEL TELEPHONE, CARMEL 18

Ernest Schweninger, Sales Manager

L. J. Turner Sales Representatives Yodee Remsen